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THE WATCHMAN ON THE TOWER ANNOUNCING THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

## THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG;

OR, THE TRIUMPHS OF MEEKNESS.

CHAPTER VI.

The corn was fast ripening under a July sun. The deep green of the rye was changed into pale  
No. 241. 1856.

gold colour; the cherries were hanging in dark red clusters on the trees; and God had again showered his manifold blessings on the children of men, as meadows, fields, and woods bore witness with their abundant promise of a glorious harvest. Many of Naumburg's citizens possessed lands near

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the town. They were already reckoning up their profits, and had engaged reapers from amongst their poorer brethren, to commence operations in the following week. It was on the 27th of July, 1432, that Herr Adler and his wife set out to visit the corn-fields, and admire the rich crops. Before they had reached the city gates, however, they encountered the schoolmaster, walking rapidly up the street, and exclaimed: "Whither are you bound in such haste, Mr. Muller?"

"Home, home, to my wife and child," said the schoolmaster, in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" said Herr Adler, in a sympathising tone. "You look pale and troubled. Has any misfortune befallen you?"

"Can it be unknown to you, Sir," answered the schoolmaster, in surprise, "that the enemy are reported to have gained a great victory? They say that a dreadful battle has been fought at Leipzig, and that our forces are utterly routed and dispersed."

"I have not heard a word of it," returned Herr Adler, "and can scarcely think that the news is true. So large an army as we mustered could not surely have been so quickly and entirely defeated. Under all circumstances, however, it is well to be prudent, and therefore it is that I have put and kept our city in the best possible state of defence. I have also placed watchmen upon the church-towers, to be on the look-out, both by day and by night, for any sign of danger, and to give us immediate intelligence of it."

"You give me new courage, Herr Adler," said Muller, with a lightened heart. "I sincerely thank you for it. I was already trembling for my wife and child, for our town, and for us all."

The schoolmaster was gone but a few steps on his way, when the ominous sound of the alarm-bell was suddenly heard from the cathedral tower.

"Hark!" exclaimed Muller, turning abruptly round to the burgher-master. "Depend upon it, the news is true! This tolling announces the approach of the enemy!"

Herr Adler stood aghast for a moment; but recovering himself immediately, he said in a calm tone: "Well, well, Herr Muller, we must not lose courage before we know what danger threatens us. The alarm-bell is probably ringing for a fire; not for the cause you think. Let us not distress ourselves unnecessarily. But you, my dear wife, pray return home. My presence will be required at the council-house, and wherever the danger may be."

Whilst Mrs. Adler obeyed, her husband and the schoolmaster betook themselves to the marketplace, where Naumburg's inhabitants were already assembling from all quarters, in front of the council-house, and anxiously questioning each other as to the cause of the alarm.

"I do not see the fire-signal upon the tower," said a burgher.

"The tolling indicates an invading enemy," said another.

"The enemy must be advancing upon us!"

"Be not too hasty, Mr. Ehrhardt," said the burgher-master. "It will be well, however, to take all due precautions. The draw-bridges must be raised and the gates closed. Let some one hasten up the tower to the watchman, and inquire

his reason for tolling the alarm-bell. Stay! the bell has stopped. The watchman is taking up the speaking-trumpet. We will hear what intelligence he brings us. Silence, good people, silence!"

The confused murmur of a thousand anxious voices was hushed in a moment into the deepest stillness. With upturned faces, and eyes eagerly fixed upon the tower, the crowd stood motionless, awaiting, with beating hearts, the announcement of what they most dreaded. And the watchman raised the long speaking-trumpet to his lips, and its deep bass tones sounded the terrible words in their ears—"Enemies are approaching! The forces are before the town!"

"The enemy!" exclaimed the crowd in horror. "The enemy!" repeated man, woman, and child, seeking in vain for consolation and encouragement in each other's countenances. The fearful cry of "The enemy! the enemy!" now resounded through the streets and lanes of Naumburg, and the crowd was rapidly dispersing, when the burgher-master's voice was heard loudly calling upon them to stop.

"Stay, stay, my brethren!" he cried; "we must remain together for awhile, and consult how we may keep the threatened evil from our town. Courage, men, courage! Success attends the brave!"

The loud and repeated call of the burgher-master at length succeeded in bringing the multitude to a stand; but the sobs and cries of the women and children threatened to render all consultation impossible. With loud lamentations all looked up to heaven, and to the tower, where the alarm-bell was ringing more violently than before.

Times of danger try a man's courage, and prove what metal he is made of. A brave man, in every sense of the word, was Herr Adler. His courage and decision were equal to the emergency.

"My friends," he began, in a firm powerful voice, to the terrified assemblage, "do you hope to wash away the invaders with your tears, in case they really are threatening the town? We men must deliberate upon the ways and means by which we may escape the impending danger. Send home your wives and children, therefore, whilst we consult together here. We must first ascertain whether it is the enemy that our watchman has espied, or only a fugitive troop of our prince's defeated army. Let us hope that protecting friends, not foes, are in our neighbourhood. Should it, however, be"—His words were interrupted by the approach of a dense crowd, which, on reaching the council-house, divided into two parts, and disclosed a troop of country people, who confirmed all their apprehensions, having fled from their advancing and victorious opponents.

This intelligence was received by the citizens with a fresh burst of lamentation. Councillor Lindau, a tall, powerful young man, now came forward, and exclaimed in an indignant voice: "We have no mercy to expect! It were vain to ask it. Let us prepare to die, and sell our town, our families, and our lives as dearly as possible. It is easier and more glorious to fall sword in hand, than to give ourselves up unresistingly to martyrdom."

"Herr Lindau is right!" said the burghers, shaking him heartily by the hand.

"I agree with my colleague," said Herr Adler,

"as far as we men are concerned; but I ask, what is to become of our wives and children and old people, after we are fallen in the fight, leaving our enemies exasperated by the resistance we had offered? Would not they wreak their utmost vengeance upon these defenceless beings? We number amongst us, at the highest computation, four thousand men capable of bearing arms, but little accustomed to war; the army of the enemy, on the other hand, is said to consist of sixty thousand men, all veteran soldiers, and devoted to their warlike commander. We cannot hope for relief from our princes; before they could bring a fresh army together, Naumburg must yield, not having nearly provisions enough to sustain a long siege. I therefore consider our weapons as a last means, to which we must not turn until all else has failed; and I propose that we send out a deputation to ascertain the intentions of the enemy towards our town, and to entreat their clemency. If they will be satisfied with taking our property, it shall be readily given up to them; for our lives are far more precious to us than worldly goods."

"But who," asked Herr Lindau, "will dare to enter the lion's den? No messenger of peace will be respected by them; and those who venture into their camp would go to all but certain death."

"It befits me, as burgher-master," said Herr Adler, with dignity, "to be the leader in this enterprise. Perhaps two others may be found amongst us, who will accompany me to the enemy's camp."

"Take me for one of your followers," said Herr Lindau. "It is not only in times of peace that we should be the first amongst our fellow-citizens, but in the hour of danger also."

"You are a brave burgher, and a noble fellow," said Adler, warmly, "and we shall perhaps find a third to join us."

"If none more worthy can be found," said Wolf, modestly, "let me be the third."

"Good!" returned Adler; "then we are agreed, and can set off without delay."

"May I be allowed first to speak a word, Herr Burgher-master?" said Wolf. "Supposing that the enemy receives us ill and slays us, as sometimes happens in such cases, then would Naumburg lose in you and Herr Lindau the two most important of her citizens, whose loss would, in the present evil time, be irreparable. Deprived of their noble chief magistrate, and of the talented Herr Lindau, our citizens would be left without any one to guide them, and might even become disunited amongst themselves, and so fall an easy prey to their enemies. Be prevailed upon, therefore, to remain behind, and send in your place two other courageous and eloquent burghers, authorised to treat with the enemy in the name of our city."

"Wolf is right," cried the assembled burghers. "We will neither part with our burgher-master, nor with Herr Lindau."

Herr Adler stood a moment silent and thoughtful, and then said: "It is not, perhaps, worse to go than to stay behind; but if I and Herr Lindau yield to the wishes of our burghers, who, I ask, is prepared to take our place? Who has sufficient confidence in his own courage and eloquence to

appear fearless and self-possessed before the enemy?"

A deep silence succeeded this question. The burghers looked irresolutely at each other, and no one announced himself ready to go on the dangerous errand.

"Then I will go alone," said Wolf, cheerfully. "The Lord will be my guide, my shield, and my defence. Under his protection, I may bid defiance to every danger."

"I will go with you, neighbour," said the schoolmaster, stepping forward and shaking the brave weaver by the hand. "I feel myself especially called upon," he continued, "to undertake this office. My late brother's only son has joined the enemy, and has so distinguished himself by his bravery, that he has attained the rank of a general officer amongst them. Perhaps I may get a sight of him, and call upon him to intercede for us with his commander-in-chief."

"Then we will go together, neighbour," said Wolf, with great satisfaction. "A divided burthen is not half the weight."

"Might I be permitted to make the third?" said a well-known voice from among the crowd; and, elbowing his way forward, appeared Schelle, the barber.

"The barber! the barber!" cried every one in astonishment. "Was he not in the jail? How comes he here?"

He had, in truth, been committed to Naumburg prison in consequence of some tavern brawl.

"The most natural way in the world," answered Schelle, glibly. "The approach of the enemy and the alarm-bell had so completely turned my jailor's head, that he unlocked instead of locking the prison-doors, and went off. Now, when a caged bird finds the door open, what does he do but hop out and fly merrily away. This last, however, I could not do, because wife and children detained me here. But I do think that now, when all our lives are in danger, the few inconsiderate words which I uttered may be forgotten. You are in want of eloquent messengers to the enemy. Now, I believe I have given proof enough that I was not born a dumb fish. Loquacity got me into jail, and I think it may fairly help me out again. I have breathed so long the close prison-air, and so long been obliged to sit still, that I cannot resist the opportunity of taking a walk, though it may prove my last. Beloved fellow-citizens, the bath-master Schelle will pronounce such a touching address to the enemy, that Cicero and Demosthenes shall appear bunglers in comparison."

"This chattering," said Herr Adler, doubtfully, "may be the destruction of us all. Little and to the point is what is wanted—not a wearisome babbling."

"If my speech should not produce its due effect upon the enemy," answered Schelle, "I will entertain them with such drollery, that the most surly among them will be unable to refrain from laughing. And if I once make them laugh, we shall have won."

"What do you say to Schelle's proposal?" said Adler to the weaver and the schoolmaster.

"The words of a fool," said Wolf, smiling, "have sometimes more effect than those of ten wise men. If Schelle feels within himself an

irresistible desire to accompany us, I should not wish to oppose it."

"I quite agree with Wolf," said Herr Muller.

"All good things are in threes!" exclaimed Schelle, offering his hand to his two companions; "then here we are all ready to start."

"Shall we not," suggested Muller, "first go home and take leave of our families? We cannot conceal from ourselves the great probability there is that we shall never see them again."

"But too gladly would I see my dear wife and children once more, to kiss them and bless them for the last time," said Wolf. "But will they not shake our resolution with their entreaties and lamentations? Could we remain steadfast when they besought us not to go? It is better for us to set off without delay."

"Master Wolf speaks golden words," said Schelle, approvingly. "Let us be off at once."

"May a blessing go with you," said the burgher-master, deeply moved, "and give power to your words. Our goods we freely offer to the enemy; only let them spare the town from fire and sword. May you return to us in safety, and as messengers of peace."

The multitude now moved slowly forward to the gates of the town, and in their midst the three envoys walked hand in hand, when cries of bitter sorrow and distress were suddenly heard in their rear. The startled crowd made way, and three females, followed by a troop of sobbing children, in breathless haste, rushed after their departing relatives. In a moment Wolf and Schelle found themselves surrounded, seized, and held so fast that they could not move a step forward, whilst Muller's little daughter hung round his neck, and, with her pale beseeching face and silent tears, proved at least as eloquent a pleader as Wolf's eight children.

"Father," said Johanna, in her low sweet tones, "pray, pray, stay with us."

"Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Wolf, passionately. "Is it to death, and without taking leave of us? Stay with me and your children; that is where you ought to be! You belong to us, and for our sakes you must take care of yourself. Let others go to the enemy. Return home with us, and await in patience what Providence will decide for us."

"Stay with us, father!" cried Wolf's children, holding him fast. "Do not go to the enemy, who will kill you, or we and mother will all die together of grief. Stay with us, dear father!"

"Stay with us, father!" sobbed Schelle's four children; "we have not seen you for so long a time."

"My dear wife," said Wolf, his voice trembling with emotion, "I wished to spare you and our children this sorrow, and therefore I did not first take leave of you. Do not break my heart with your lamentations and entreaties. All my resolution is required to face the terrible danger we are about to encounter. The duty I have undertaken is not a light one. Do not increase the burden. When the welfare of the whole town is concerned, individuals must not be considered. I have once before said this to you, when the pestilence visited our city, and we were mercifully preserved in the midst of danger. A greater danger now threatens

Naumburg, with all its inhabitants. We are about to venture our lives, in the hope of being permitted to avert it."

"Why cannot some one else go," sobbed Mrs. Wolf, "instead of you?"

"So every wife would say to her husband," answered Wolf. "Some one must go; and to decide by lot would have taken too much time; for life and death hang upon every hour. So do not detain us longer. Farewell, my beloved wife. Farewell, my children. Should I not return, obey your mother, and be her comfort and support as long as she lives. The Almighty bless you! Should the enemy decide upon destroying us all, may we meet again in another world to part no more. Bless you, my children."

Wolf kissed and caressed them all in turn, and gave each one a fervent blessing. The same was done by the schoolmaster and by Schelle, whose loquacity seemed for the moment quite to have forsaken him. It was a scene that brought tears to the eyes of all who beheld it. Amidst much weeping and lamentation, the crowd arrived at the gate of the town. Before the three messengers passed across the drawbridge, they once more pressed their weeping families to their hearts. Their wives and children knelt down together at the gate, where they remained until their husbands vanished from their eyes. "Pray for us and for yourselves," were Wolf's parting words.

#### A BEACON.

PUBLIC attention has lately been drawn, in the case of William Palmer, to the melancholy career of a man of education and good position in society lapsing into a series of great crimes, and reaping the crop of sorrow, shame, and ruin, of which he had sown the seeds. We are generally reluctant to hold up narratives of evil to our readers, being rather solicitous to allure by the example of what is good, than to deter by the *exhibitio mali*. On the present occasion, however, we deviate from this custom, and propose to dwell briefly on the career of one who, some twenty years ago, ran a course very nearly parallel to that of the great criminal who has lately occupied so large a share of the notice of the country.

About the year 1820, a new periodical solicited the favour of the public, under the name of "The London Magazine." It abounded in talent, but its talent was more gay than grave; the witty and the humorous found especial favour in the eyes of its readers. Those clever and odd essays which gave renown to Charles Lamb, under the name of "Elia," formed perhaps the principal attraction of this periodical; but there were many other contributors whose lively style and versatile talents lent their aid to its success. The work, it is true, contained little to elevate man's nature or to bless the world; but it was amusing, brilliant, and fascinating, especially to juvenile minds.

One of the staff of this new undertaking was Thomas Griffiths Wainwright. So far as we remember the magazine, most of his papers were light as a feather, and furnished the smallest amount possible of substantial thought or actual information; but they abounded with a persiflage



and volatility which charmed the gay imagination of the young, though they left little as the residuum of so much effervescence. The style of the author will be best illustrated by an extract from a paper, entitled "Sentimentalities on the Fine Arts. By Janus Weathercock, Esq. To be continued when he is in the humour," and published in "The London Magazine" for March, 1820. This absurd article proceeded in the following strain:—

"I, Janus, had made a tolerable dinner the other day at George's, and, with my mind full of my last article, was holding up a *petite verre d'eau de vie de Dantzic* to the waxen candle, watching with scient eye the number of aureate particles—some swimming, some sinking quiveringly through the oily and luscious liquor, as if informed with life, and gleaming like golden fish in the Tshang-ho, or Yellow River (which, by the way, is only yellow from its mud). So was I employed, when suddenly I heard the day of the month (the 15th) ejaculated in the next box. This at once brought me back from my delicious reverie to a sense of duty. 'Contributions must be forwarded by the 18th, at the very latest,' were the editor's last words to Janus, and he is incapable of forgetting them. I felt my vigorous personal identity instantly annihilated, and resolved, by some mystic process, into a part of that unimaginable plurality wherewithal editors, reviewers, and at present pretty commonly authors, clothe themselves, when, seated on the topmost tip of their top-gallant masts, they pour forth their *oracula dicta* on the groaning ocean of London, spread out huge at their feet. Forthwith we (Janus) sneaked home alone—poked in the top of our hollow fire, which spouted out a myriad of flames, roaring pleasantly, as chasing one another they rapidly escaped up the chimney—exchanged our smart, tight-waisted, stiff-collared coat for an easy chintz gown, with pink ribbons—lighted our new elegantly-gilt French lamp, having a ground-glass globe, painted with gay flowers and gaudy butterflies—hauled forth portfolio No. 9, and established ourselves cozily on a Grecian couch. There we (Janus) stroked our favourite tortoiseshell cat into a full, sonorous *purr*, and after that our maid-servant, having first placed on the table a genuine flask of as rich Montepulciano as ever voyaged from fair Italia, had gently but firmly closed the door, carefully rendered air-tight by a gilt-leather binding (it is quite right to be particular), we indulged ourselves in a complacent consideration of the rather elegant figure we made, as seen in a large glass placed opposite our chimney mirror, without however moving any limb, except the left arm, which instinctively filled out a full cut glass of the liquor before us, while the right rested inactively on the head of puss.

"It was a sight that turned all our gall into blood. Fancy, comfortable reader, *imprimis*, a very good-sized room. Item—a gay Brussels carpet, covered with garlands of flowers. Item—a fine original cast of the Venus de Medicis. Item—some choice volumes, in still more choice old French *moroquin*, with water-tabby silk linings. Item—some more vols. coated by the skill of Roger Payne and 'our Charles Lewis.' Item—a piano, by Tomkinson. Item—a Damascus sabre.

Item—one cat. Item—a large Newfoundland dog, friendly to the cat. Item—a few hot-house plants on a white marble slab. Item—a delicious painting, by Fuseli; and last, not least in our dear love, we, myself (Janus). Each and the whole, seen by the Correggio-kind of light, breathed, as it were, through the painted glass of the lamp!!!

"Soothed into that amiable sort of self-satisfaction so necessary to the bodying out those deliciously-voluptuous ideas, perfumed with languor, which occasionally swim and undulate, like gauzy clouds, over the brain of the most cold-blooded men, we put forth our hand to the folio, which leant against a chair by the sofa's side, and at hap-hazard extracted thence Lancret's charming 'Repas Italien.' T. P. le Bas, Sculpt.

'A summer party in the greenwood shade

With lutes prepared, and cloth on herbage laid:

And ladies' laughter coming through the air.'

"This completed the charm. We immersed a well-seasoned prime pen into our silver inkstand three times, shaking off the loose ink, again lingeringly, etc., etc., etc." But enough of this.

Whatever the subjects of which Wainwright might happen to treat, the writer was always the hero of his own papers; whilst the impudence of his conceit took the mind, as it were, by storm, and created an impression in his favour, which substantial excellence might have failed to secure.

The author of these productions was a young man whose previous history was not very precisely known, but who was characterised by an intrusive self-esteem, which, whilst it disgusted most persons by its excessive impertinence, appeared to a few, of no mean pretensions, the mere wantonness of real genius. Wainwright seems to have been in his earlier life an officer of dragoons, though why he had withdrawn from the army was not manifest. He boasted of considerable accomplishments, both as an artist and an easy writer; but he was alive only to the beauty which appealed to the senses; and whilst he thought himself destined to constitute a prominent figure in the world of fashion, he was ready, with cold-blooded selfishness, to trample down all interests that interfered with his own. His boast was that he was always "a gentleman"—a phrase which, as often misunderstood, is expressive merely of a certain amount of exterior polish, and is frequently found in combination with a large mass of supercilious arrogance, of degrading vice, and of utter selfishness. Wainwright seems not only to have been a sensualist, but a sceptic, at least to a certain degree. In a word, he was understood to be a clever and licentious prodigal, reduced almost to poverty by his excesses. His ready talent and off-hand impertinence gained him favour, however, in the eyes of many, and varnished over his vices; and during the time that he continued to write for "The London Magazine," he was found in literary circles of some eminence. He created a new sensation in sedate circles, not only by his braided surtouts, jewelled fingers, and various neck-handkerchiefs, but by ostentatious contempt for everything in the world but elegant enjoyment.

It is probable enough that, in the company of the giddy and inexperienced, the flash and froth of Wainwright might have been regarded as not a

little in advance of steady common sense; but "the laughter of the fool is like the crackling of thorns under a pot"—a noisy, but a momentary thing.

Wainwright, who began his course in wanton levity and folly, ended it in serious and fearful crime. Nothing can be more delusive than the successive steps by which the enemy of souls leads his victims forward on the road to ruin. His first step is generally to seduce them to extravagance, a course which, it is supposed, is natural to the thoughtlessness of youth, and involves no large moral crime; but that extravagance, once committed, becomes the pioneer of all subsequent evils, and the brilliant hues of the serpent only fascinate in order to destroy.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,

In gallant trim, the gilded vessel goes,

Youth on her prow and pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

Wainwright was not long a contributor to "The London Magazine;" he left it about the year 1825. Soon after this time he was found residing at Turnham-green, in the vicinity of London. The reader will observe the following fact—it is significant. The house in which Wainwright now lived had belonged before him to his uncle, a Dr. Griffiths, by whom Wainwright as an orphan had been brought up. This gentleman had taken Wainwright and his wife into his house, and soon after had died suddenly! The property left by Dr. Griffiths had during some little time maintained Wainwright in a new course of extravagance; but it was soon dissipated, and the profligate young man saw before him, and not for the first time, the frightful prospect of impending ruin. Want is said to be "the parent of arts," and the proverb is as true of evil arts as it is of good ones. It prompted Wainwright to a scheme for relieving himself, characterised by the audacity and want of principle natural to him, but involving consequences so deeply fearful, as to amaze us as coming from one whose tastes were frothy and volatile. But giddiness lies on the border-land of all the vices, and with Wainwright it heralded the way to deliberate and cold-blooded crime. It is time that we explain.

The lady to whom this wicked young man was married had two half sisters, who, being in a state of destitution, had been invited by him to reside at his house. The elder of these ladies was then about twenty-one years of age, very interesting in manners, and very engaging in person, and presenting every indication of excellent health, and every promise of a long life. These advantages formed the basis of Wainwright's proceedings. His plan was, that this young lady should effect insurances upon her life for short periods, which, it was supposed, her healthy appearance would render it easy for her to do. And if she succeeded—then? what then? The result will become too clear from the following narration.

Miss Abercrombie, who became, to a certain extent, a confederate in the plans which involved her own destruction, but who was, of course, altogether unsuspecting of that result, applied to several insurance offices, and succeeded. She was always accompanied on these errands by Mrs.

Wainwright, and contrived to effect insurances for large amounts, and for short periods; so that, "at the close of this month of October, this poor girl, described by the actuary of the Provident as 'a remarkably healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand,' was insured to the amount of £18,000." The schemes were not, however, uniformly successful. In some cases the suspicions of the insurance companies were aroused, and they refused the negotiation. Proposals, subsequently made to some of the companies which had accepted in the first instance the offered terms, and were asked to increase the amount of the assurance, were equally unsuccessful. In other instances, the ignorance of the points of the case evinced by the ladies themselves, in making the application, awakened uneasiness, and led to refusals. But the result was that, as before stated, Miss Abercrombie's life was insured to the amount of £18,000. It may easily be foreseen that the amounts paid for the premiums would sink considerable sums of money, and add not a little to the difficulties of the real person by whom these insurances were effected. In one case, the young lady was exposed to a cross-examination, which might have awakened the misgivings of a less simple-minded person. "At the Alliance, Helen (Miss Abercrombie) was more severely tested by the considerate kindness of Mr. Hamilton (the late worthy editor of the 'Record' newspaper), who received the proposal, and who was not satisfied by her statement that a suit was depending in Chancery, which would probably terminate in her favour, but that if she should die in the interim, the property would go into another family, for which contingency she wished to provide. The young lady, a little irritated at the question, said: "I supposed that what you had to inquire into was the state of my health, not the object for insurance." On which he informed her, "that a young lady, such as she was, had come to the office two years before to effect an insurance for a short time, and that it was the opinion of the Company she had come to her death by unfair means." Poor Helen replied—"She was sure there was no one about her who could have any such object." Mr. Hamilton said—"Of course not;" but he added, "that he was not satisfied as to the object of the insurance; and unless she stated in writing what it was, and the Directors approved it, the proposal could not be entertained."

The reader will readily anticipate the dreadful issue. Miss Abercrombie died, like Dr. Griffiths, suddenly, under circumstances of grave suspicion, and Wainwright, to whom the policies had been assigned, laid claim to the £18,000.

The sudden death of Miss Wainwright, however, did not pass without exciting dark surmises, and the assurance companies resisted Mr. Wainwright's claim. The case was tried before the courts of law. Though it might seem most natural that the criminal charge arising upon it should have been submitted to examination, that part of the case was strangely waived, and it was merely submitted to the jury as a question, whether the insurance was effected by Miss Abercrombie for her own benefit, or whether it were in reality effected by Mr. Wainwright for some purpose of

his own. The cause was twice tried, and, in the issue, the jury returned a verdict for the offices; thus disallowing Mr. Wainwright's claim.

This hardened criminal had, in the meantime, taken refuge at Boulogne, where he had been received into the family of an English officer. He endeavoured to effect an insurance in the Pelican on the life of his host, and succeeded; but only one premium was paid, the officer dying soon afterwards, after a brief indisposition. He now became a wanderer in France, where he was arrested on the charge of travelling under a feigned name. On this occasion he was searched, and upon him was found a quantity of *strychnine*—that poison which has attained so wide a celebrity, and with the properties and symptoms of which the public are now so familiar. The French police had, however, no charge to prefer against him; but the circumstances were suspicious, and he was imprisoned for six months.

On his release, he made his way to London, where he was discovered, and apprehended on a charge of forging the names of his own trustees to powers of attorney, enabling him to appropriate to himself the monies which had been settled on his wife at his marriage. As death was then the punishment of such an offence, the Bank of England consented to waive the principal charge, and to try the issue on the lower one of uttering the forgery. He was tried, and sentenced to transportation for life. Misfortunes thickened upon him.

At this crisis the younger Miss Abercrombie, who had married, claimed some property which had been assigned by her sister for her benefit, and instituted proceedings for its recovery. To defeat her claim, Wainwright entered into communications with the insurance companies, who promised that they would represent his case to the Secretary of State. That representation, however, instead of mitigating Wainwright's punishment, increased it. An order was made that he should be put into irons, and sent into transportation, together with three hundred convicts. The unhappy man thus escaped the severer charge of murder; but it is probable that he deemed the punishment to which he was sentenced more terrible than that of death.

Nothing can be imagined more utterly at variance than the condition to which Wainwright was now reduced, with those high-flown notions and flippant egotisms which had marked his earlier career. He had heretofore affected to be a creature made of nature's finest porcelain; he was now loaded with degradation, infamy, and the darkest crime. What "the madness of his memory" might be under all the remembrances of the past, it is difficult for the innocent to imagine. But amidst all the alteration of his state, and all the reproaches of his own conscience, Wainwright continued the same. Still he thought of himself as superior to the common herd around him, and if he were a criminal, yet as a criminal more distinguished than his associates. When visited in the prison by one of his acquaintances: "They pay me respect here," said he, "I assure you; they think I am here for £10,000; and, looking with contempt at the convicts who were sweeping out the yard, and assuming himself a grand attitude, he added: "You see those people; they are

convicts like me; but none dares offer me the broom." When on board the transport, he wrote complaining of the hardship of being put in irons. "They think me a desperado. Me! the companion of poets, philosophers, artists, and musicians, a desperado!"

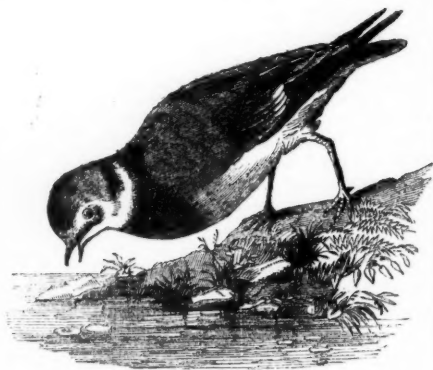
He died in Sydney, in the common hospital, and the surgeon who attended him in his last moments said, that the wretched man's death-bed was of the most harrowing and painful description. Uprightness, after all, is the only parent of lasting success. It is well to be persuaded that industrious labour costs much less trouble, and demands much less sacrifice, than vicious indulgence. Wainwright's talents, rightly directed, would have made him a useful and respected member of society. Perverted, they rendered him a villain and a public pest.

#### A SEA-SIDE RAMBLE.

I AM about to take a walk by the sea-side, and perhaps my reader has no objection to accompany me. Have the goodness, therefore, to put on your hat or bonnet, and a great-coat or good shawl will not be amiss to throw over you, as the wind is blowing freshly towards the shore. On such a day our search for curiosities is sure to be most successful. Here, then, we are on the beach. The sea is white with foam; the spray from the dashing waves almost reaches us where we stand. There will be many of Old Ocean's wonders washed up on the sands to-day. We could not have chosen a more propitious time. The tide is just beginning to recede; a long line of sea-weed marks the highest point that it has reached; and now, if we use our eyes carefully, we shall be amply rewarded.

Look at the gulls skimming over the surface of the water! They rather seem to ride upon the wind than to fly; and see, again, on the sands before us a flock of some small water-birds are running nimbly along. How difficult it is to keep them in view, they are so easily confounded with the pebbles on the shore! Let us walk on towards them. We can now see the two nearest birds more clearly, and find that they are of a greyish-brown colour, with a white breast, and a black ring round the neck. They are called ring-dotterels—a species of plover, and therefore wading birds. They have orange-coloured legs, and the bill is also shaded with orange; but this we are not near enough to see. Probably the whole flock is not composed of this species; there are almost sure to be pures, if not other kinds of sanderlings, as they are often generically termed, with them. But let us get nearer. Hark! that whistle is their signal, and they are off. Many of them give out their shrill watch-cry, "teewit—teewit," as they pass us, their white breasts looking bright as the foam itself. What long, sabre-shaped wings they seem to have, and with what grace they sweep by us in their flight! After that long excursion to sea, they will probably turn again, and settle not very far from the spot from which we have disturbed them. There are many species of these small wading-birds which haunt our coasts in flocks during the autumn and winter months; but by far the most frequent of them are the ring-dotterel and the pure. The latter is a different

genus from the dotterel—a tringa, as naturalists would term it, and its bill and legs are proportion-



RING-DOTTEREL.

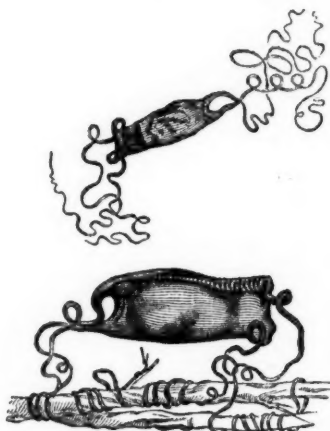
ably longer. Indeed we might sum up the general external characters of the two birds by saying, that the purr has more resemblance to the snipe, and the dotterel to the plover.

We could almost spend all our time in ornithology; for see, there is another curious-looking bird beyond the surf, swimming onwards bravely, breasting the waves as if there he was indeed in his element. Even whilst we are looking at him, he has suddenly disappeared beneath the water. On his re-appearance, we will note him more narrowly. See, there he is again! He is evidently dark-coloured above, and with a white neck and breast. It is difficult to say with certainty at this distance, but probably our bird is the razor-bill auk. The common guillemot much resembles it in the colour of its plumage. It is, however, larger, and its whole form is more elongated. Its bill is also long and pointed, whereas that of the auk is short, and the two mandibles bear a distant resemblance to two razors, with their edges together, so that, if we were nearer, we should be able to distinguish between the two immediately. There is another common diving-bird—the red-throated loon, or diver—though in winter this name is certainly inappropriate, for the bird then loses its red throat.

All these three species are abundant upon the coast; and it is most amusing to watch the ease with which they ride along the waves, while the long time they are able to keep under water seems most marvellous to us. The last species is much the largest, as well as the most active of the three, and it is difficult for a boat to keep up with it. There are many other species of divers found upon our coasts, belonging chiefly to the three tribes of auks, loons, and guillemots. To these, indeed, we may add the grebes, though these last—and especially their most frequent species, the little grebe, or dabchick—are rather inhabitants of our inland lakes or rivers than of the sea. The foot of the grebe is very curious—the toes being flattened, like the blades of oars. This makes them quite as effectual in propelling the bird onwards as the webbed feet of other waterfowl. But we must now leave the birds, and attend to the various stores which the sea has thrown up for us.

Here is a tangled heap of curiosities which looks very promising. It has accumulated around the root of one of the large olive-leaved sea-weeds, which we know so well as forming the cottage barometers. Botanists would call it a *Laminaria*. The roots of this genus of sea-weeds often afford a rich harvest to the naturalist; for amongst the branches with which it clings to the rock, sea-stars, nereids, shells, and other mollusks, and also sea-anemones, often have their home. A mass of two or three species of coralline is firmly twisted around our present specimen, which we will therefore transfer, root, corallines, and all, to our basket, for more accurate examination afterwards, and proceed onwards in our search.

Here, amongst this sea-weed, is a fine anemone, but looking much like a lump of red jelly, very different from its star-like beauty when expanded. We will transfer it to a bottle of sea-water, and, when we go back, it will be very likely to expand itself, unless indeed it be too much injured by being cast upon the shore. This kind, the commonest of all, varies much in colour, being either red or olive green, or red spotted with green. It is the hardest of all the sea anemones. Living collections of sea-animals are now frequently kept far away from the sea, and this species is well suited for vivaria, living as well in artificial sea-water as in the genuine solution itself. The best sea-weeds to have with it, so as to keep the water pure, are those of the bright green species, which are very hardy, and of low organization. They also thrive well and grow rapidly. Another kind of anemone which lives well, is the feathery sea-anemone (*Actinia dianthus*). It has a body varying in colour from cream white to a rich orange; but its chief beauty is in its feathered tentacles. It is certainly the handsomest of our native species. These are the two kinds which I would recommend any one beginning to keep a vivarium to try first, as they are sure to live well with common care, and not to disappoint him.



EGGS OF DOG-FISH.

I have now many specimens of the common species (*A. Mesembryanthemum*), which have thriven and multiplied for more than a year in artificial sea-water with green sea-weeds. They are kept



only in a common fish globe, and the water has never been changed during the whole time. There should be some sea-snails, to keep the growth of the sea-weeds in check. The very common white species (*Purpura lapillus*) answers better than any other, though even the periwinkle will do very well. The white sea-snail is often banded with black when young, and then is ornamental as well as useful. The egg cases also are curious and worthy of note. They are deposited in clusters, and look like grains of barley set upon little stalks, and growing from the rocks.

We cannot find these now; but here is an egg-

case of a very different character, looking like a great pod of some sea-weed. In reality it contains the egg of a dog-fish. These are very abundant along our shores, and we might find many of them. They are called in Devonshire, pixies' purses by the fishermen—pixy being the common Devon name for a fairy. The pixies must be a very poor race; for those found on the shore are almost always empty.

When first deposited, they are twisted firmly around the branches of sea-weeds, by tendrils which spring from the four corners of the bag, as in the wood-cut on the opposite page; but as we commonly find them, these tendrils are broken off, and their rudiments only remain in the shape of four horns.

Here is a very common curiosity, but not the less wonderful on that account. Examine this frond from one of the large sea-weeds. It is encrusted over with little coral cells, somewhat like a very small honeycomb in appearance. Now, each of these cells is the home of a little polype, or rather part of a polype, as a shell is part of a snail. These are *lepralia*, of which genus we have various British species, and many of them are common, so that a frond of sea-weed thus coated may almost be found with certainty at any time upon any part of our coasts. They have often brought to my mind a quaint but truthful remark of Sir Thomas Browne's in his "Religio Medici":—"Ruder heads," he says, "stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels. These, I confess, are the colossuses and majestic pieces of His hand; but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics, and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker." Truly these "little citizens" are citizens of no mean city in proportion to their size; for they have spread their abodes over nearly the whole of this frond of sea-weed.

But here is a rarer being, and rather a more fortunate discovery. It has not much beauty to boast of, but it will look better by-and-by. It seems now more like a large whitish-yellow grub than anything else. The skin, however, is leathery to the feel. On observing it more exactly,

we find that there is a ring of tentacles around the mouth, and that there are five rows of small tubular suckers, forming lines down the body. These characters prove it to be a holothuria, or sea-cucumber—a radiated animal of the class *echino dermata*, so called from their skin being generally covered with spines. It is interesting to find this animal, because if we look carefully, we are quite sure to get specimens of other large classes of the order, namely, star-fishes and sea-eggs. The tentacles of the holothuria are beautifully branched when in the water, so that the animal then becomes really handsome. It has the power of quite

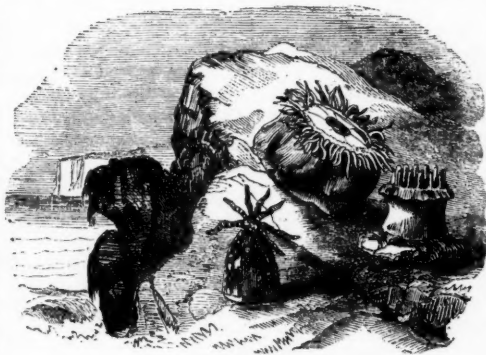
retracting them, and rendering them invisible. Although it does not look at all likely to tempt an epicure, yet there is a large fishery for them in the Chinese seas. We English are, however, somewhat particular as to our likes and dislikes. Mr. Gosse describes the flavour even of sea-anemones as being very good. I am afraid few will be tempted to follow his example; but who knows whe-

ther sea-cucumbers and anemones may not be the whitebait of another century?

Here is a star-fish. It is the common sand-star, a frequent species on all sandy coasts. It has solid rays, or arms. These are five, as usual, this being by far the most frequent number. It differs from the common species in this, that the rays are solid, whereas in the common star-fish, or *asterias*, the rays contain prolongations from the stomach. The *ophiocoma*, and others of the solid rayed star-fish, throw off their arms in a very curious manner when taken. Probably it is a protective power, to aid them in escaping when seized upon by any predaceous animal. The holothuria have a somewhat similar faculty; for they eject all their internal organs, so as to remain an empty sac.

We will now search along the beach quietly, until we have found an echinus, or sea-urchin: these are often also termed sea-eggs. Here, at last, is a small round one of the common kind, covered all over with spines of a reddish brown colour, and looking somewhat like a hedgehog rolled into the shape of a ball. Its spines run in all directions; yet if we were to take them off, we should find five very regular rows of holes through which the suckers are protruded. The teeth also are worth notice, from their strength; they are five in number, sharp, slightly curved near the point, and presenting in the centre a cutting edge, as well as a cutting point; they are wedge-shaped, and the sides between each are like files, and form altogether a powerful apparatus.

We will now go back and examine the stores that we have collected. The anemone has already spread out its tentacles beautifully, and we see around the outer margin of its upper disc a num-



SEA-ANEMONES.

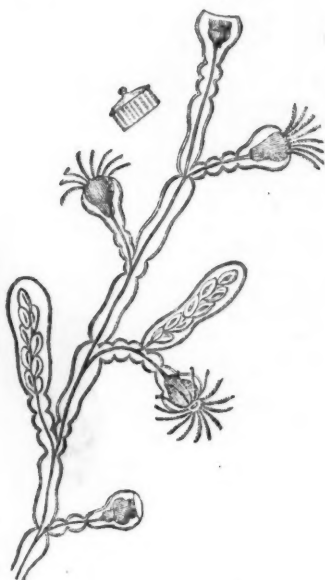
ber of blue tubercles. These probably give the creature some idea of light. Anything which comes within reach of the tentacles is seized, conveyed to the mouth, and voraciously eaten. They will swallow a limpet, shell and all; but they will live a very long time without any other food than the animalcules in the sea water; and when kept, they seldom require feeding. This species is the commonest of all, and may be found on almost every rock uncovered by the tide at low water.

Let us now disentangle the mass of corallines from the root of *laminaria*. See, here are no less than three common species intertwined together; they are easily known from sea-weeds by their horny look, and also by the cells with which they are covered, containing polypes. This first is a *sertularia*, known easily by the polype cells being in two series not stalked, and not pressed to the stem; in the second, a *plumularia*, the cells are in one series only, and the pinnated form helps to distinguish the present species, a very common one, as *Plumularia falcata*. The polypes in these, as is often the case when thrown on the shore by storms, are quite dead; but this other one, a *laomedea*, with stalked polype cells growing from the sea-weed, is quite alive and active, and if we put it into salt water, we shall be able to examine its structure easily. Out of each of the bell-like cells, a polype head, with tentacles somewhat resembling a very small sea anemone, is seen to protrude. If we look at the coralline with a strongly magnifying pocket lens, we see these heads very clearly indeed; and, moreover, we see that each mouth is connected with a common canal which accompanies the branches—a stomach, in fact, common to all the polypes; so that these wide-spread tentacles and gaping mouths which we see protruding from the different cells are all catering for the public weal. This united family thus lives and grows, branching forth fresh heads, each addition increasing the wealth and comfort of all; but there clearly must be some other plan of multiplying than this, else one polype tree would continue growing for ever, without ever giving rise to fresh groups or families. This is provided for by a most extraordinary plan. Capsules are budded off from the branches, very different in appearance from the polype cells; these contain what at first seem to be shapeless grains, but they soon assume a definite form, and at length are seen to be exactly like small jelly fish. When ripe, the capsule bursts, the jelly fish or medusæ escape, swim through the sea, and deposit eggs from which fresh corallines grow.

In the accompanying figure, one of these is seen free near the magnified branch; there are also two capsules filled with the same beings, not yet fully developed. Of course, by this arrangement, the coralline spreads its progeny to a distance, just as the seeds of a thistle are blown by the wind; indeed, if it was the flower of the thistle which was wafted away, and it afterwards ripened its seeds, the analogy would be perfect.

To add to the interest of these little polypes, they are beautifully luminous in the dark; and were we then to shake the glass in which this one is living, the heads would become momentarily luminous in succession, the tiny lights being extinguished and lit up again at quick intervals, the

blaze spreading from branch to branch, going out and reappearing again, so that their light has been aptly compared to some device at an illumination, when the lamps are blown out and rekindled by the wind.



This is a very small proportion of the wonders which may be found in a walk by the sea-side; but they are more than enough to convince us of the perfection of design shown in the works of God. Nothing that he has made is too insignificant for our study, and the way in which such a minute being as this coralline has every want, so to speak, supplied, should make us feel sure indeed that He will much more take care of our necessities. If this be felt, our walk by the sea-side will not have been in vain.\*

#### COMING BACK.

I AM one of a tolerably large class of persons who may be said to reside in two places at once. I have a metropolitan den, where the stern necessities of temporal life are duly cared for, and provision made for the £ s. d.; I have also a little country box, some few miles away. This sort of dual existence is pleasant enough, but it was at first attended to me with a rather severe tax. Not being able, like the great Prussian Fritz, to provide myself with a duplicate library, yet willing to improve stray half hours at home, I tried the experiment of carrying books to and fro. I hope *somebody* was the better for my experiment; but it was a clear loss to me, for I simply lost my books.

Chagrined by these frequent accidents, I at length bethought me of the native resources of

\* To such of our readers as desire further acquaintance with these subjects, we may recommend a little volume published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled, "A Book for the Sea-side."

my village. "Is there not such a thing as a circulating library here?" inquired I, somewhat despondingly, of a domestic.

She paused for an instant, then shook her head, and said she knew of none. "But, sir, Mrs. Boxer has a *lending* library," continued she.

Well, thought I, in my ignorance, this is indeed a refinement on terms. Matured acquaintance, however, with Mrs. Boxer's system has proved how great is the difference between the expressions *lending* and *circulating* library. The peculiarity of Mrs. Boxer's library is, that its circulatory power has ceased. Once obtain a volume from Mrs. Boxer, and you keep it apparently as long as you please. Mrs. Boxer's notions of the *belles lettres* are somewhat vague and restricted. She sells toffee, Bonaparte's ribs, and other articles of rough confectionary, pennyworths of which are occasionally seen to emerge from her miscellaneous stores wrapped in printed leaves of suspicious size, and still more suspicious literary significance. In short, I have a notion that Mrs. Boxer pulls out a stray leaf here and there to save the expense of paper in which to screw up toffee or Bonaparte's ribs.

Those who have followed me in this little narrative will not fail to perceive that the lending library of Mrs. Boxer is not congenial to the practice of close and systematic reading. Nevertheless, it has its good points. Mrs. Boxer's library contains no books, I am disposed to think, published subsequent to 1815, whence it follows that the *toadstool* literature, as I will venture to call it—the poisonous fungoid growth of later years—is totally excluded. Furthermore, the absence of a volume out of a set is eminently calculated to teach patience under disappointment; and as for the absence of a page here and there, just where a story should culminate, a deduction be arrived at, or a crisis should occur, this casualty, again, is not without its advantage—it quickens the faculty of suggestion. So, in my literary relations with Mrs. Boxer, I am somewhat in the position of some one I have heard of who amused himself by sitting down at the table of a *restaurant*, demanding the *carte*, and, without understanding one single *plat* therein indicated, asking for things at random, just for the pleasure of seeing what might turn up.

A few days ago I had been musing on the ticket-of-leave question, and contemplating the strange incident of a meeting of ticket-of-leave men to discuss their grievances. I had thought on this subject until my mind was tired. I wished to divert my reflections into another channel; so, throwing myself back in an easy chair, I asked to see the newest volume from the stores of Mrs. Boxer. Whereupon my little daughter Emmy came running with a dilapidated octavo, purporting to be the records of a voyage to New South Wales, by one Mr. George Barrington. The book I found to be interspersed with coloured plates, in a style of art not much to be commended, and I was on the point of throwing it from me as a totally worthless thing, when I happened to alight on a paragraph which touched a sympathetic chord in my mind. The paragraph was as follows:—

"When Heaven accepts contrition, it receives into favour when it pardons; but man, more cruel

than his Maker, pursues his offending brother with unrelenting severity, and marks a deviation from rectitude with never-dying infamy, and with unceasing suspicion and reproach, which seem to exclude him from the pale of virtue."

I am now under the necessity of making the reader acquainted with the circumstance that the book in question was written by a convict, who had some celebrity in his day.

It would not aid me in my progress, and I am sure it would not interest the reader, were I to set forth the long list of crimes perpetrated by George Waldron, or, as he pleased to call himself, George Barrington. Suffice it to say, that after being engaged in the commission of robberies, by his own confession, to the extent of many thousand pounds; after having had the audacity to steal the jewelled badges of knights of the garter and of the bath from the persons of their wearers on a court day, before the very eyes of the sovereign; after having robbed Count Orloff of a diamond-set snuff-box, worth some £80,000, George Waldron, *alias* Barrington, wound up his criminal career by stealing a watch from Mr. Townsend, at Enfield, on which charge he was arraigned before Lord Chief Baron Eyre, sentenced, and transported. When called upon, as usual, for his defence, he made a long, an eloquent, but seemingly a hypocritical appeal. It availed him nothing. The judge's address is worth quoting, illustrative as it is of the moral character of Barrington. It is as follows; and I beg the reader to observe that the prisoner is addressed by the judge as *Mister* Barrington, from which it is easy to see that a thief, who confined his operations as much as possible to high society, as was the case with Barrington, was a person of some social consideration, even to a judge, in the year 1790:—

"Mr. Barrington," said Judge Eyre, "hitherto I have conducted myself towards you on this trial as if I had never seen you before; but now, when nothing I can say can prejudice the jury, I must say that you have been treated with much more favour than you deserve. This ought to have been a capital indictment, and it ought to have reached your life, and public justice very much calls for such a sacrifice; for if there ever was a man in the world that abused and prostituted great talents to the most unworthy and shameful purposes, you are that man. And you have done it against all warning, against the example of your own case, and of a thousand other cases that have occurred; and I am afraid that now, as the punishment does not reach your life, I cannot entertain the least hope that you will in any manner reform, but that the end of it will be that you must be a shameful example at last."

Of this kind was the judge's charge, and his predictions seemed likely enough to be verified; but, as the future testified, there were better things in store for Waldron. It so chanced that the convict ship in which he sailed became the scene of revolt. A portion of the crew had determined to murder the captain, seize the vessel, and make sail for America. Waldron fortunately got acquainted with the intention, and kept on the alert. A seemingly favourable opportunity had arrived for the mutineers. Ten of their number, who happened to be on deck for air and exercise,

(no more being allowed to come on deck at any one time), rushed towards the poop, endeavouring to secure the cabin entrance, and to take prisoner or kill the captain and officers, who were below at the time. Waldron happened to be on the poop, his presence in this favoured part of the ship having been granted in testimony of his agreeable manners and good behaviour. Laying hold of a crow-bar, he defended himself against the attacks of the mutineers, notwithstanding their weapons, keeping them at bay until the captain and his officers rushed up armed from below. A struggle ensued, the mutineers were repulsed, and Waldron received the thanks of the captain and crew, whose lives he had been instrumental in saving.

When at length the convict ship arrived in Australia, the governor, influenced by the good character he had received of Waldron, appointed him to a somewhat responsible post at Paramatta; and it is gratifying to learn in the sequel that he never once abused the confidence reposed in him.

After contemplating the depravity of this man up to well-nigh middle age (Waldron was nearly thirty-six when transported), the more disgraceful that he had been well educated, could write creditable verses, could defend himself at the criminal bar with all the eloquence and address of a practised lawyer—it is pleasing to meet with a passage like the following, in which he catalogues his live stock, and speaks repentantly of his former sinful career:—

"I had myself," he says, "at this period, a live stock, consisting of thirteen sheep, fifty-five goats, and two mares, with twenty-five acres of ground in wheat; but esteemed myself much richer in possessing the good opinion of every gentleman in the country, which I trust I shall retain for the very few years I may in all probability be in existence; for endeavouring to discharge the important office committed to my charge has materially affected my health; but while I am honoured with any office under government, I shall (I hope) never be found wanting in the execution of my duty, even though I forfeit a life, which I lament has not always been so worthily employed."

Here, then, was an instance of a criminal becoming a useful member of society.

It is a subject of frequent and painful, yet in some degree of pleasurable, consideration with me to devise schemes for the reformation of such cases of vice as are rather determined by the pressure of external conditions than by inveterately hardened evil habits. I like mentally to plan avenues and lay out paths leading from the turbulent clamour of this outer world to some placid retreat within, where the malefactor, freed from the evil influences of bad companionship, and having the opportunities of spiritual counsel afforded him, may repent of his evil doings, and begin a new career. Lost in a reverie like this, longing for the consummation, yet fearing it could not be, I threw down the volume which had suggested the train of thought, and tried to change the current of reflection by glancing over the advertisement columns of a newspaper. There, amidst pianos to be sold a great bargain, whiskers to be dyed, broughams to be parted with at less than prime cost, the gentleman having gone abroad; amidst Herberts and Nemors implored to return, and such

current literary advertisement lore, my gaze alighted on something concerning a criminal reformatory institution, to be seen in Great Smith-street, Westminster. So next day to the Reformatory Institution I went. Arrived somewhere in the neighbourhood of the venerable Abbey, I found myself outside an unpretending building, the object of my inquiry. I knocked, and was admitted. Having explained to the deputy-governor the reason of my visit, he proposed introducing me to the governor, Colonel State, to which proposition I gladly assented. The colonel kindly explained to me, more fully than I had hitherto known, the nature and objects of the Reformatory—which information the reader shall be made acquainted with by and by—and then led the way in a tour of inspection through the premises.

He began by leading me into a sort of reception hall, where a candidate for probation was submitting his somewhat profuse and tangled hair to the operations of a barber. The process drew well-nigh to its completion, so I was enabled to see it out, and was gratified to observe that the tonsorial shears had not been working according to the style of prison convention. The hair was not cropped short, but left of fair and tidy length; just as you or I, or any other quiet-going gentleman might have liked. I did not fail to express to the benevolent governor my approbation of this style of hair-cutting, and was gratified by his reply.

"It is a rule in this place," remarked he, "to avoid as much as possible all brand-marks of caste. All our treatment is devised on the principle of begetting ideas of self-respect. For this reason, we neither permit the hair to be cropped short, prison fashion, nor do we oblige our inmates to wear any particular dress. In the matter of dress, I may as well say, we rely on the casual donations of old clothes; so you may generally see a motley clad assemblage here. To one inmate," he proceeded to say, "we gave a soldier's jacket, and the poor fellow happening to go out in it, by permission, the police took him for a deserter; others you may see occasionally here dressed in footmen's clothes; in point of fact, no articles of dress come amiss to us."

Before communicating these particulars to me, the governor had led me to a recess, so that our conversation might not be overheard by the probationers, and their feelings wounded.

Leaving the reception hall, or kitchen, we next ascended a staircase leading to the probationary cells. Each of these appeared to me to measure about twelve feet by six, and to be lofty enough for all purposes of health and ventilation. The sole furniture of each is a sort of low bedstead, about eight inches raised from the floor, and furnished with a straw mattress. A small window in each cell affords adequate light for reading, but is not low enough to encourage any continuous peeping out. At the further extremity of each cell is a large pipe heated by hot water, and the effect of which is to raise the surrounding atmosphere to a comfortable degree of warmth. Lastly, each cell opens into a corridor common to them all, and where there are conveniences for washing, etc. Whenever the door of a cell is thrown open, a tell-tale mechanical arrangement registers that fact in



the governor's apartment. Such, then, is the arrangement of the probationary cells: now a few words concerning their discipline.

The greatest practical difficulty experienced in opening a new career to convicts, is to prevent philanthropy running wild; offering comforts and solaces to which honest poor people can never attain, and thus holding out a premium to hypocrisy, if not more active criminality. The problem of acting kindly to repentant criminals, and at the same time affording no temptation to crime, has, I think, been solved in the Westminster Reformatory Institution. The only letter of recommendation (if the word may be used) a candidate need bring with him, is a certificate duly attested of previous conviction and punishment. The announcement falls strangely on the ear, that the *only* letter of recommendation to this benevolent place should be a proof of previous criminality; but the reader will see that such is a necessity of the case. When a candidate enters, the first step is to purify the physical man, and this is soon accomplished. Would that the inner man could be purified as readily! The hair is first committed to the barber's supervision, after which the candidate goes on to the bath-room, where abundance of warm water and soap, and their concomitants, soon accomplish their part. Clothes are now given him; motley, perhaps, but clean and honest-looking. They bear no badge—no mark of caste; they do not remind the probationer (a sincere penitent, at length, let us hope) of his former estate in the estimation of man. What next? Let us see.

At this period most likely the governor will present himself, to deliver a short lecture very much as follows:—"Well, my man, I am glad to see you clean and comfortable, and I am glad to see you here. Before taking you to your quarters, let us have a little talk together. First, let me remind you this is not a place of punishment; *no prison*, nor are you a prisoner. Your quarters will be neither barred nor bolted. Any one can go out when he likes; but if he goes out without permission, he can never return: mind that! If you really wish to lead a new life, the opportunity will be afforded you; but I must have some proof that you mean what you say; and the proof is this:—If you mean what you say, retire into that cell, there to remain for the next ten days, on bread and water, not as a punishment, but to prevent imposition. Your only companion will be a Bible, and you must not have intercourse with any one. Again, I say, there is neither bolt nor bar: stay or leave at your pleasure."

Something like the foregoing will be the preliminary lecture, delivered by the worthy governor to each probationer before the latter commits himself to his cell.

Let us now suppose the probationary period of ten days to be satisfactorily spent, as it usually is. After this the candidate is advanced a step; his diet is more nutritious; liberal indeed, though of course plain; he is allowed social communion; at prayers every morning, at church or chapel every Sunday; and he is taught a trade. At present there are four trades taught in the Reformatory; those of carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, and printer. The instructors in each trade have turned out

good workmen, earning at this time a creditable maintenance. I was curious to know how a probationer, however thoroughly reformed, however clever and well-behaved, could manage to hold his own in a printing-office, knowing, as I do, how exclusive and indeed aristocratic, in one sense, is the spirit which prevails amongst this community. No artisans are so polite in their mutual intercourse as printers; none hold so clannishly together. The intellectual origin of their calling seems to have left its impress upon them, and one may fancy he still sees them using their ancient privilege of wearing swords. Glass workers and printers, it may not be out of place to remark, were held to be gentlemen at a time when all other artisans were reckoned to be necessarily plebeians.

Knowing something of printers, I pictured to myself some such contingency as the following:—

*Scene—A Printing-office.*

*Long Primer* . . . . . Overseer.  
*Space* } Printers whose antecedents are un-  
*Pica* } impeachable.  
*Bourgeois* }

*Brass Rule* . . . A reformed convict who has taken to printing.

*Long Primer*. "Will any gentleman lend me a Spanish n?"

*Space*, *Pica*, and *Bourgeois*, all at once.—"That GENTLEMAN can supply you" (pointing to *Brass Rule*). *Long Primer* thrusts his tongue against the buccinator muscle of his left cheek, which is made to protrude considerably. A suppressed titter follows.

The idea of some such scene as this having entered my brain, I asked the printing instructor whether his trade would not present extreme and peculiar difficulties.

"Very great difficulties indeed, sir," was his reply; "nevertheless, a few of our men are doing well as printers even in England. Still, I fear if we were to rely on England, our scheme would fail. We trust to America and the Colonies, where workmen, if they are able, honest, and sober, seldom fail to get on."

From the printing-office I went to the carpenters', and shoemakers', and tailors' shops, in each of which I found satisfactory indications of the well working of the benevolent scheme; and on my return to the deputy-governor's private apartment, I was pleased with the sight of a very tolerably executed lithographic drawing, symbolizing the return of convicts to honest courses of life. The allegory consisted of a tree, tall and branched, which numerous individuals were endeavouring to climb. The tree was illustrative of reformation, and the troubles attendant on scaling its trunk, and mounting its summit, were duly set forth. At the foot of the tree was a motley group of evil-looking vagabonds; drunkards, petty larceny men, and highway robbers. They look up, are tempted by the goodly fruit, and they climb. Some few grow faint-hearted and tumble down; but by far the greater number achieve the object of their wishes, and ascend to the very summit of the tree, where a goodly vessel in full sail is seen, ready to convey them away as emigrants, from the scene at once of their crimes and their reformation.

You and I, reader, must not be too critical about artistic proprieties. *Æsthetically* considered, you and I know there is something *outré* in the presence of a ship on the top of a tree. Well, let that pass. If our convict have become an honest man, alive to the consciousness of his former sins; if he be determined, under God's grace, to lead a new life, never care about *æsthetics*. A very worthy old fellow in my own village, passing with his neighbours for a marvel of taste, recently tried to demonstrate to me the existence of the same by surmounting the peaked roof of my summer-house with a miniature square church tower. I demur to the taste, but I know the artist to be a worthy old friend, and I respect him. But it is time to finish, for I am getting prolix. Let it suffice, then, to remark, that every probationer who remains twelve months in the establishment, and conforms to its rules, is provided for in some way or another. May God speed the benevolent enterprise! and may such of our readers as have means or influence, give these and similar institutions their friendly aid.

#### GROTTO DAY.

THE beginning of August is signalled among the small boys, urchins, and children of London, as Grotto Day. No sooner do you walk out in the morning, in whatever direction you will, than you are saluted with the cry of, "Please to remember the Grotto," emanating from some unwashed, untended little wanderer, who runs capering before you, clutching in his dirty fingers an oyster-shell, which serves him as a begging-dish. If you escape from one, it is only to fall into the hands of another, or of a dozen or a score of others, awaiting you round the corner. All boy-dom is in a conspiracy to-day to whine and wheedle you out of your coppers. "Remember the Grotto" meets you at every turn—"Remember the Grotto" is behind you—is before you—is on the right hand—is on the left; and as to forgetting the grotto, we defy you to do it for some time to come, even were you dull and oblivious "as the fat weed that grows on Lethe's brink."

"But where is the grotto?" a stranger to London might say; "what is it all about? I should like to see the grotto. 'Grotto' has a refreshingly cool sound, and just now I am distressingly hot. Whew! how I do perspire, to be sure. Introduce me to the grotto, my lad, by all means, just for a cooler!"

"Here's the grotto, sir!—here's the grotto!"

"That a grotto! four and twenty oyster-shells—Call that a grotto?"

Yes, my rural friend, that's the only species of grotto you will find in London. Of moss-clad rocks and caverns in leafy and umbrageous nooks we have none; we make our grottoes, or the boys make them for us, here, out of oyster-shells; and the first of August is celebrated and solemnised as Grotto Day, because it is, according to immemorial custom, the first day of the oyster season. Oysters, in the opinion of the provincial eater, are good only during those eight months which are spelled with an *R*, that is, from September to April, inclusive, and so far as he is concerned,

they might lie quietly at rest in their beds during the other four months: but your Londoner, who never dines nor lunches by orthographical authority, chooses to commence the oyster campaign in August. The amount of them devoured in the metropolis during the ensuing nine months, would furnish a problem for the energies of a calculating machine. Whether they be scarce and dear, or plentiful and cheap, during the first month of eating, one can form a pretty accurate judgment by the condition of the street grottoes. The young architects who build these emulate each other in the size and stability of their structures, and haunt the stalls and luncheon sheds pretty constantly in search of the necessary material, which they are too apt to squabble over before lugging it off to the building ground.

The grotto, which begins with "four-and-twenty oyster-shells," does not by any means stop there. As fast as fresh oysters are swallowed, new material is appropriated, and in a little time the grotto edifice begins to assume a definite form. Occasionally a considerable degree of ingenuity is manifested in its structure. Now you shall see it, consisting only of a couple of walls, without a roof; then the roof shall be covered in; anon it is pulled down, and rises again in the form of a bee-hive. Sometimes it is built in a corner, the angle of a brick wall serving for a couple of the sides; sometimes the wall only forms the back; and, lastly, it will rise, under the hands of a clever architect, to the height of three or four feet, shaped like the dome of St. Paul's, with a flagstaff in the centre, bearing for a banner a pocket handkerchief a foot square, adorned with a print of the battle of the Alma. Such an erection as this, fitly placed in a populous court or back-way thoroughfare, never appeals in vain to the generosity of a peculiar class.

At night you may chance to come at the grotto illuminated. Now it shall be a model kitchen, furnished with a toy range, table and chairs, an end of candle burning on the table, and real smoke coming out of the chimney. Or another time it shall be a church, with a piece of glass built in for the great oriel window; a pile, a yard high, heaped round a stick stuck in the ground, and pointed with a whelk, to represent the spire, and as many bits of taper burning inside as the united company of freemasons can muster among them. The flame, flickering through the interstices in the several layers, renders such an object illustriously luminous, and a great source of attraction to the juveniles during the dark hours. The most remarkable exploit of grotto work which we remember to have witnessed, was performed in Lambeth many years back. A London *gamin*, who had for some days, by the aid of his companions, rung all the changes upon oyster-shell architecture of which it seemed capable, wound up with the following climax. Seating himself on the ground, and clasping his knees with his hands, he gave directions for piling the shells around him, and having himself completely domed in. When this was effectually accomplished, he struck up a stave of some popular ditty, continuing the strain until an unusual crowd had gathered round him. Then he rose suddenly, scattering the *débris* about on all sides, and, hat in hand, levied a contribution

upon his admirers. The performance was probably remunerative, as we left him submitting a second time to the process.

About twenty-five years ago, the following story, which appears to have been well founded, and which is apropos of London grottoes and Grotto Day, ran the round of the newspapers. Some young children of a widow woman living on the south side of the river, having collected shells to build a grotto, set about executing their plan. To make the grotto as attractive as possible, they brought, during the mother's absence from home, some few ornaments from her cottage to place temporarily within it. Among the rest was a small painting, dark and dingy with age. This they placed against the wall, and heaped up their shell-work around, leaving an opening in front to show the picture. When all was prepared, they began, as usual, with "Please to remember the Grotto" to every passer-by. A Jew journeying that way caught sight of the painting. "Please to remember the Grotto," said the builder. "Shan't give anything to the grotto," said the Jew; "I'll give you a shilling for the picture." The boys consulted together, and in the end, unmindful of the mother's authority, sold the picture and spent the shilling. The poor woman, working early and late for daily bread, never missed the picture, and the boys kept the secret to themselves. In the meanwhile the cunning buyer had the painting cleansed from its accumulations of filth, and suspecting that it was of value, set cautiously about ascertaining what that value might be. He carried his prize from one good judge to another, and from their report his surmises were at last fully confirmed. The picture was now offered for sale at a price of more hundreds than is safe to mention, and at length came under the notice of a distinguished collector. This gentleman was willing to give the sum demanded for it, but naturally desired, before disbursing so large an amount, to know whence the picture came, and to be sure of the seller's right to dispose of it. When the man was questioned on this subject, his answers, not being the truth, were so unsatisfactory that he was threatened with loss both of picture and purchase-money, unless he would communicate the source from whence he obtained it. Under this pressure he confessed the truth, and, at the suggestion of the collector, consented to share the proceeds of the sale with the mother of the boys from whom he had purchased the picture. The buyer appointed a trustworthy agent to see the division made. The reader may imagine the feelings of the mother when the hundreds were poured into her lap, and she had the means of educating her young truants, and teaching them something better than grotto building.

But "Please to remember the Grotto!" What shall we say to that never-ending appeal during these first few days of August? Are we to remember the grotto in the way the petitioners would have us, and scatter our coppers among them till we have not a copper left? Or are we to turn a deaf ear to the universal chorus, and, voting them a bore and a nuisance, shake them from our skirts as so many hindrances to business? Neither. There is reason in the scattering of coppers—and we ought not to think it

beneath us to exercise discrimination even in such a small matter as this. When the artisan's child, who should be brought up with a decent sense of independence and the dignity of labour, comes whining to me with an oyster-shell for the donation of a halfpenny, he shall not get it, whine as he may. But if I find a poor penniless boy out of work, raising his oyster-pile to win a meal by the revival of a time-honoured custom, because he has nothing better to do, I will give him a copper, if I like, nor think it thrown away, especially if I can accompany the gift to him with the address of some ragged school, where he may get instructions and principles that will give him a new start in life.

#### HINTS TO TOURISTS.

At this moment, when so many are panting for a purer air, and preparing to migrate to other scenes in search of it, this may be a word in season. Go, you that have worked hard for it—go and enjoy your holiday. But whithersoever you go, let all your religion go with you. If you go among foreigners, instead of gruffness and *hauteur*, take with you Christian complaisance, and do justice at once to the good feeling of England and the courtesy of real religion. And whether among compatriots or foreigners, take with you the Sabbath-day. Keep its hours as sacred in the hired lodging or the inn, as you keep them in your own well-ordered home. Pray for the places where you sojourn; and as seeds for the eternal harvest, it were well if you could drop some good words, or arresting tracts, as you pass along. And then, when bursts of beauty or surprises of grandeur come in upon your soul, let the thought also come in of your "Father," who "made them all." And thus associated with the profitable books you read, or the Christian intercourse you enjoyed, or the efforts at usefulness you there put forth—places which to the vacant mind recall no memories, and to the profligate are only identified with dissipation and riot, will to you be fraught with pleasant recollections; and thus beatified and sanctified, the resorts and recreations of earth will be worthy of a mental pilgrimage even from the bowers of Paradise Restored.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

**A SAYING OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.**—In his treatise on the knowledge of God, this eminent judge thus remarks:—"A frequent, solemn, and serious use of the duty of prayer will interrupt a custom of sin, by degrees weaken the old man, and will in time make a strangeness between our lusts and our souls. *Let a man be sure of these two truths*; that, as he that comes upon his knees with a secret purpose to hold confederacy with any sin, shall be the worse, the more hardened and the more neglected by that God that searches the heart; so whosoever he be that comes to his Maker in the integrity of his heart, though sin adhere as close to that heart as the skin does to his flesh, he shall find that employment will make those lusts that were most dear to him, by degrees to become strange and loose to his soul."

**PROFANE LANGUAGE.**—It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man coloured, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

We do but mock God in saying we are sorry for our sins, and that they grieve us to the heart, if we continue to indulge in them. In vain do we pretend a change of heart if we do not evidence it by a change of conduct.

## Varieties.

**CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.**—Civility is a fortune itself; for a courteous man often succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favour by his Grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women—it is a general passport to favour; a letter of recommendation, written in a language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR BEE OWNERS.**—The only positive and immediate cure for a bee sting, that I have ever heard of, that may be depended on in all cases, is tobacco. This remedy was recommended to me as an infallible cure, yet I had but little faith in it; still I tried it, and as I supposed properly, and found little or no benefit from its use. I reported its failure to cure in my own case to my informant, and he stated that I had not applied it thoroughly, as I ought to have done; that he was certain that it would be an effectual cure, never having known it to fail in a single instance, when correctly applied. The next time I got stung, I applied the tobacco as directed, and found it to cure like a charm. The manner of applying it is as follows:—Take ordinary fine-cut tobacco, and lay a pinch of it in the hollow of the hand, and moisten it; work it over until the juice appears quite dark-coloured; then apply it to the part stung, rubbing in the juice, with the tobacco between your thumb and fingers, as with a sponge. As fast as the tobacco becomes dry, add a little moisture, and continue to rub and press out the juice upon the inflamed spot during nine or ten minutes, and if applied soon after being stung, it will cure in every case. Before I tried it, I was frequently laid up with swollen eyes.—*Newspaper Correspondent.*

**HABIT.**—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change: no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

**A VISIT TO DR. RAFFLES.**—The doctor has long amused himself in the collection of autographs and curiosities relating to distinguished, and especially literary, men. In handsomely bound and neatly arranged volumes, he has more than fifteen thousand original letters from men and women of illustrious name, including every sovereign of England from Henry VII down to a beautiful private letter from Queen Victoria, Archbishop Cranmer, and all the Prelates whose sign-manual one would ask to see; John Calvin and Martin Luther, and other Reformers, and a host of great names in Church and State, which it would be vain to attempt to repeat. But to an American visitor he exhibits a book of deeper interest than any of these. In a beautiful box he has inclosed a volume, ele-

gantly bound in Turkey morocco and gilt, containing an original letter from each one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and each one of the successive Presidents of the United States. These are illustrated also with engraved portraits of most of them, making a collection of intense interest to every American. To find such a collection as this in England—and I think it must be the only one extant, unless our friend, Dr. Sprague, has the other—was peculiarly grateful, as a silent but expressive tribute to the founders and fathers of the young Republic, paid by a loyal subject and warm admirer of England's Queen. Dr. Raffles showed me also the identical table on which Lord Byron wrote "Childe Harold" and other poems; and the doctor has put it to a better use in writing many a good sermon on it. The table shuts up, so as to be conveniently stowed away in a carriage, and was Byron's travelling secretary while he was in Italy. Here, too, I saw the original of Montgomery's "Pelican Island," the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and many curious preservations of this sort, sacred in the eyes of literature.—*Ireneus Prince's Travels in Europe and the East.*

**PATERNAL DUTY.**—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labour? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well-cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, of brethren and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; hatred of vice, and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue; are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.

**SANITARY EFFECTS OF TREES.**—The interposition of a dense forest, of a high wall, a chain of elevated hills, or any other mechanical obstacle, has been known to protect the inhabitants of villages, of camps, of convents, and of single habitations from the pestiferous influences of neighbouring marshes. A convent situated on Mount Argental, near the village of St. Stephano, was for a long time remarkable for its salubrity, until the trees by which it was surrounded were cut down, when it became extremely sickly.

**A LOW VOICE IN WOMEN.**—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterises the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband!

**MIND YOUR BUSINESS.**—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," he replied, "is none of your business."